

Boston, Nov. 11, 1835.

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My dear Wife:

I sit down to write my fourth letter to you, since we parted — but not a syllable of intelligence comes from you! Ah! have I not reason to scold you a little, if I only knew how? How shall I interpret your silence? Shall I imagine you as saying — "I don't love him at all — I am glad he is as far removed from me as Boston. Why don't he go down to Eastport? I wish he would not pester me with his scrawls. What do I care whether he is sick or well, safe or in danger, sorrowful or happy? It is true, he is my husband — but why does he wish to hear from me on that account? Surely, fourteen months after marriage, it is idle to feel any thought of affection — any emotion of love! Am I not the "better half"? Then he is not my equal — and being inferior, I will not put myself on a level with him. Nay, what ought he to expect from me? Has he not been mobbed — ignominiously dragged through the streets — shut up in prison? Did he not cause me to be "turned out of house and home," and to find shelter in another State?" No, my love, these are not your sentiments — how dearly you love me, I know full well; still, where is my letter? Here I have been sitting for the space of two hours, most impatiently, waiting for the arrival of the Providence mail — it has come — to me in vain. Where is my letter?

It is now just three weeks ago, this afternoon, since the mob were assembled in front of the Anti-Slavery Office to tar-and-feather G. T. or myself. Here I am writing in the very room, and at the same desk; it is now raining heavily; the deluge would have been quite apropos in the time of the mob. "The respectable and influential" broadcloth rioters would have fled like a drove of sheep before this rain-storm; for they cannot easily face anything but sunshine and fair weather. A cold bath would have cooled their patriotism for the time being.

We have not had any tidings from G. T. since he left, but shall be expecting letters daily. Mrs. T. came to our house yesterday, and packed up and removed all her things — household furniture and all. How soon she will go to New-York, I do not know — probably in a few days. She is still remaining at Mrs. Southwick's, with all her children.

Last evening, we had a large meeting of select friends at Mr. Fuller's house, to take Mr. T.'s case into consideration. We came to the conclusion that he ought not to make any disclosures respecting the Marshall and Dale affair — but evidence must be obtained from London. We also agreed to defray Mr. and Mrs. Thorpson's expenses to England. It is not yet certain whether friend Knapp or Henry will go down to St. John. — Henry seems to think the trip might be advantageous to his health, as well as gratifying to his feelings.

To-day I fully expected to commence moving our furniture, but the rain has prevented. I long to get through with the job, and to be reposing in quietude at Brooklyn. Within a week, perhaps, if I am spared, I may enjoy the sweet satisfaction — and then, adieu to Boston! I hope I am not growing misanthropic — but my desire to be away from the many, and present with the few, increases daily. So, do not think I shall not be contented to pass the winter in Friendship's Valley. — Why, such a thought would be a libel upon sister Sarah and Anna and Mary, and father and mother, and John Gray and his wife, and Dr. Huntington and his wife, and Mr. Williams and his wife, and Dr. Whitcomb and his wife, and Mr. Geers and his wife, and Rebecca and Susan — and Kittens and all!

Brother May is expected home this evening—but where he is we really do not know. I shall be disposed to utter some lamentations, if he has not visited Brooklyn.

Christiana is still at the house—but perhaps has gone off on a strolling excursion, and perhaps has fallen into the hands of Judge Lynch.

I met Henry Clark a day or two since, and interchanged a few words with him. Now that the excitement is over, I presume he feels ashamed of his treatment of a distressed woman—my wife. Let us forgive him cheerfully, as we ourselves hope to be forgiven above.

Abbe is now with Mrs. Lovering, in Roxbury, and will stay three or four weeks there. She has written several notes to friend Knapp, and one to Henry, desiring to see him to-morrow evening. It seems to me that she loves Mr. K. too well to give him up.

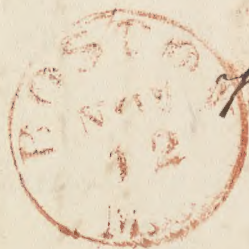
Your husband is not yet very popular in Boston. As a candidate for the Legislature, he received only about seventy or eighty votes. Never mind—honors will come thick and fast enough upon him by and by. Don't be pained at the prospect!

I have not yet been out to Roxbury—nor seen whether Mr. Vinch will allow me to give up the lease of the house—nor done many other things that ought to have been done.

With choice and endearing remembrances to all at home, and a lover's affection for you, I remain,
Your dutiful partner,
Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

Single - Paid.

Mrs. Helen E. Garrison,



Brooklyn,

Connecticut.